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so miscellaneous in character, this has a spirit and life, which keep up the reader's interest to the end. It is drawn from fresh nature, and is therefore free from vague or unmeaning epithets. It is written in a hearty and honest tone, and we strike up a pleasant acquaintance with the author at once. We are amused, excited, and frequently instructed by our agreeable companion, and part from him with regret. The character of old Kennedy, the retired sailor, is extremely well managed; and the descriptions of battles he is made to give are piquant and lively. The stories of the medical student and the resurrectionist are very striking. The battle of Lundy's Lane is stirringly told. We are particularly pleased with the dashing picture of Niagara in the winter, though it is not done at sufficient length. It is a matter of great surprise, that a scene of such incomparable splendor, of a magnificence that surpasses the gorgeous invention of an Arabian tale, has not attracted more attention from the lovers of the picturesque. Mr. Silliman and Mrs. Jameson are the only travellers that we now remember, who have attempted to portray the subduing glories of Niagara when heightened by the dazzling embellishments of winter.

We take leave of our author with a lively sense of his descriptive powers, his gayety and good humor, and with many thanks for reviving so agreeably the recollection of places made classical by striking events in American history, or that have grown dear to the heart by the gratifications they have afforded to the love of the beautiful.

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7. — 1. *Sonnets and other Poems.* By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 1843. pp. 96.
 2. *Eloquence of Nature and other Poems.* By S. DRYDEN PHELPS. Hartford. 1842. 12mo. pp. 168.
 3. *The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems.* By ALFRED B. STREET. Albany. 1842. pp. 63 and 36.

MR. GARRISON has but little of the poetical element; and he has diminished that little by dwelling perpetually on a single theme. Like all men of a single idea, he expresses himself with energy upon that one; presents it in all its aspects, and enforces it in all its possible applications. Without being a master of style, Mr. Garrison writes with clearness and purity. Some of his sonnets have music, fancy, and point; and all show an earnestness of feeling and purpose, that, if they do not inspire poetry, inspire something like it. We are impressed by this little volume with the conviction that its author possesses powers, which, if turned in a literary direction, and cherished with a large and liberal

culture, would have made a distinguished man of letters. As it is, he has limited their exercise to a cause, which he doubtless considers infinitely more important than "all Greek, all Roman fame"; and therefore can assert but slender claims to the catholic character of a scholar or a poet.

As to the second in our list, Mr. S. Dryden Phelps, it was his misfortune and not his fault to have a middle name. In the title-page of his book, he has complacently printed it at full length, while the prænomen is reduced to the comparative obscurity of an initial. Who knows what perilous ambition the medial name of Dryden may have put into the head of Mr. Phelps? This volume of poems doubtless sprang from this unlucky appellation; an appellation which constitutes Mr. Phelps's entire claim to the rank of a poet. We have read the volume carefully through, without detecting a single gleam of poetical imagination. It presents an unbroken expanse of dreary commonplaces, uttered in a monotonous strain of feeble epithets, flowing insipidity, and tasteless cant. To borrow an expression once applied to Jean Paul's grandfather, it is all "very poor and very pious."

Mr. Street is a poet of a different order. He has acquired a magazine and newspaper reputation of no inconsiderable amount. He has plainly the elements of a poet. He has imagination, perception, and the faculty of seizing on the poetical points of a scene to be described. His language has frequently energy and considerable picturesqueness, and his versification is sometimes felicitous. But he is untrained in the school of taste; he writes often with a spasmodic affectation of strength; he invents abrupt and unearthly compounds; he is for ever rolling in a fine frenzy. Simplicity, directness, truth to nature, are not good enough for him by half. He is constantly working himself up to the terrible, the shocking, the alarming; lashing himself into a wordy fury, that makes the reader gasp for a breath of meaning. We give a few specimens of the vices of Mr. Street's poetical style. What human being would naturally write as follows?

"With baubled brow, but fettered hands
And kingly hound-fangs in his side,
Actæon Europe tottering stands
Mid art and Nature's loftiest pride."

It is hard to say whether the above lines are more absurd or pedantic.

"And that light Comus of the trees,
The aspen, as *the balmy rover*
Creeps by, with mirth is quivering over."

Passing by the circumstance that the aspen is generally considered the symbol of fear, and quite the reverse of a Comus,

what does the reader suppose is meant by "the balmy rover"? The connexion shows it to be the "fitful breeze." This delicate euphuism is worthy of Mr. Richard Swiveller himself, and may be ranked with the "rosy" and "the balmy" of that illustrious member of the "Glorious Appollers."

Another execrable conceit is the following ;

"The other air-boats, moored in nest,
Twitter and chirp themselves to rest."

Think of a boat twittering and chirping. What a brilliant imagination is displayed in calling a *bird* an *air-boat*.

The concluding line of the following is in a style which Mr. Street seems very fond of ;

"To pall the air, strike nature dumb,
And guard with robes her slumbers numb."

The next passage contains a very nice climax ;

"In slumber wrapped, the trader lies,
The wind-steeds trample through the skies
And other noises of the night," &c.

Other tasteless conceits are these ;

"The two whose love
Guided the tottering steps of infancy,
Had gone on high to wear bright wings and raise
Sweet anthems," &c.

"And when Death
Was fastening heavenward pinions to the one," &c.

We might go on quoting similar absurdities to any length. Mr. Street, like Walter Scott, is fond of dropping the article, where the sense absolutely requires its presence ; as,

"Some at the loops ain fruitless ball.
Here, meadow with its shaven brow,
Here, field just furrowed with the plough,
On mountain-lot the axe is swinging,
On slant-roofed stoop, by half-swung door," &c.

Mr. Street, like Mr. Willis, uses the pet word *slant*, on all possible occasions. The adjective is well enough in its way ; but forced upon every sort of nouns, it becomes a finical mannerism.

Lack of taste and intellectual training is the besetting sin of American poetry. The loose and vague use of words, the substitution of epithets for thoughts, the imitation of the faults and vicious mannerisms of the great English poets, are the almost universal badge of the tribe in the United States. This will continue to be our condition, until a better and profounder education shall have been made the basis of American literature.